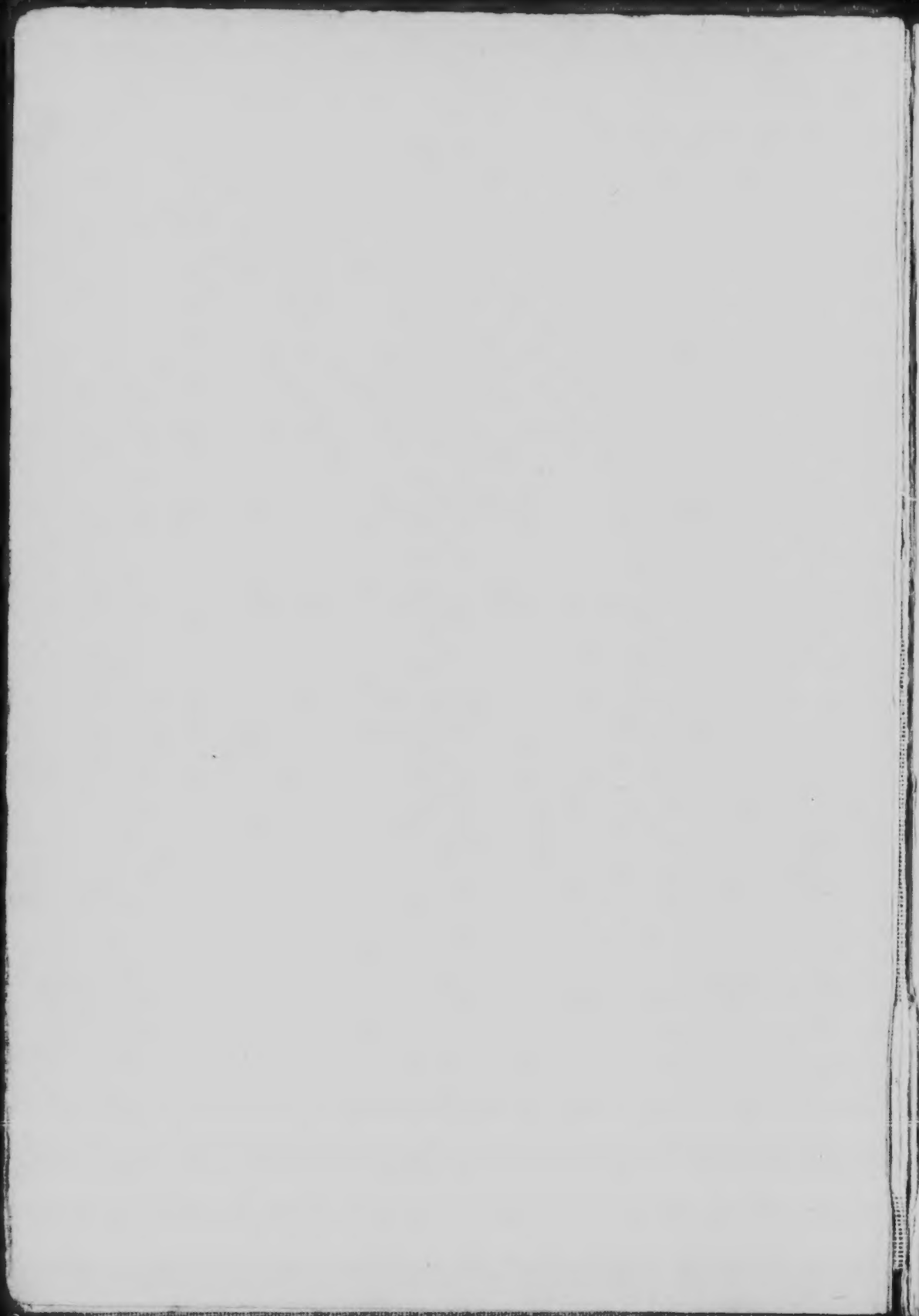
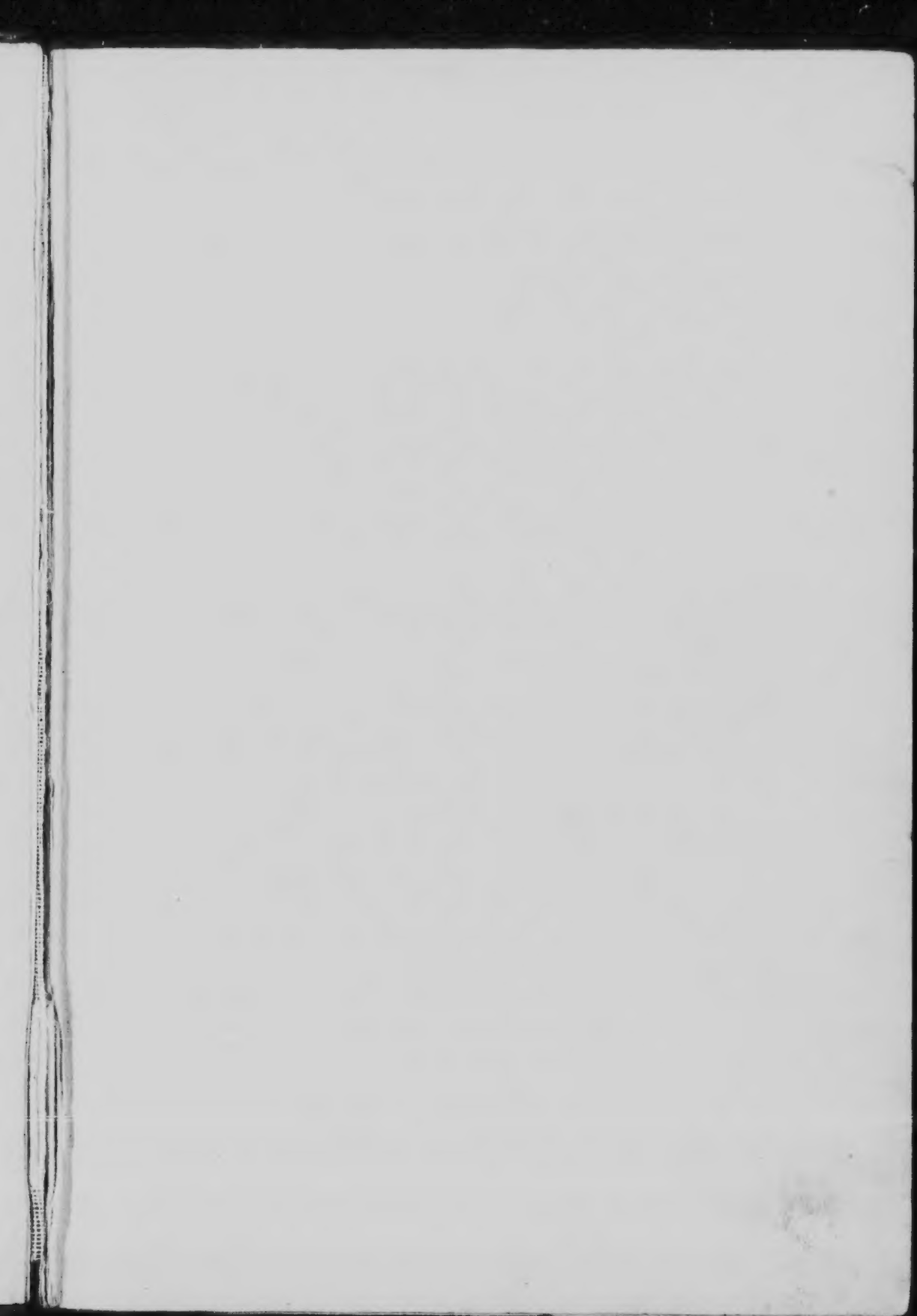


HEART OF OAK  
BOOKS



EDITED BY  
CHARLES ELIOT NORTON







THE  
HEART OF OAK BOOKS

EDITED BY  
CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

**Second Book**

FABLES AND NURSERY TALES

*REVISED CANADIAN EDITION*  
*ILLUSTRATED*



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## INTRODUCTION.

A TASTE for good reading is an acquisition the worth of which is hardly to be overestimated; and yet a majority of children, even of those favored by circumstance, grow up without it. This defect is due partly to the fault or ignorance of parents and teachers; partly, also, to the want, in many cases, of the proper means of cultivation. For this taste, like most others, is usually not so much a gift of nature as a product of cultivation. A wide difference exists, indeed, in children in respect to their natural inclination for reading, but there are few in whom it cannot be more or less developed by careful and judicious training.

This training should begin very early. Even before the child has learned the alphabet, his mother's lullaby or his nurse's song may have begun the attuning of his ear to the melodies of verse, and the quickening of his mind with pleasant fancies. As he grows older, his first reading should be made attractive to him by its ease and entertainment.

The reading lesson should never be hard or dull; nor should it be made the occasion for instruction in any specific branch of knowledge. The essential thing is that in beginning to learn to read the child should like what he reads or hears read, and that the matter should be of a sort to fix itself in his mind without wearisome effort. He should be led on by pleasure from step to step.

His very first reading should mainly consist in what may cultivate his ear for the music of verse, and may rouse his fancy. And to this end nothing is better than the rhymes and jingles which have sung themselves, generation after generation, in the nursery or on the playground. "Mother Goose"

is the best primer. No matter if the rhymes be nonsense verses; many a poet might learn the lesson of good versification from them, and the child in repeating them is acquiring the accent of emphasis and of rhythmical form. Moreover, the mere art of reading is the more readily learned, if the words first presented to the eye of the child are those which are already familiar to his ear.

The next step is easy, to the short stories which have been told since the world was young; old fables in which the teachings of long experience are embodied, legends, fairy tales, which form the traditional common stock of the fancies and sentiment of the race.

These naturally serve as the gate of entrance into the wide open fields of literature, especially into those of poetry. Poetry is one of the most efficient means of education of the moral sentiment, as well as of the intelligence. It is the source of the best culture. A man may know all science and yet remain uneducated. But let him truly possess himself of the work of any one of the great poets, and no matter what else he may fail to know, he is not without education.

The field of good literature is so vast that there is something in it for every intelligence. But the field of bad literature is not less broad, and is likely to be preferred by the common, uncultivated taste. To make good reading more attractive than bad, to give right direction to the choice, the growing intelligence of the child should be nourished with selected portions of the best literature, the virtue of which has been approved by long consent. These selections, besides merit in point of literary form, should possess as general human interest as possible, and should be specially chosen with reference to the culture of the imagination.

The imagination is the supreme intellectual faculty, and yet it is of all the one which receives least attention in our common systems of education. The reason is not far to seek. The imagination is of all the faculties the most difficult to control, it is the most elusive of all, the most far-reaching in



its relations, the rarest in its full power. But upon its healthy development depend not only the sound exercise of the faculties of observation and judgment, but also the command of the reason, the control of the will, and the quickening and growth of the moral sympathies. The means for its culture which good reading affords is the most generally available and one of the most efficient.

To provide this means is the chief end of the HEART OF OAK series of Reading Books. The selections which it contains form a body of reading, adapted to the progressive needs of childhood and youth, chosen from the masterpieces of the literature of the English-speaking race. For the most part they are pieces already familiar and long accepted as among the best, wherever the English language is spoken. The youth who shall become acquainted with the contents of these volumes will share in the common stock of the intellectual life of the race to which he belongs; and will have the door opened to him of all the vast and noble resources of that life.

The books are meant alike for the family and the school. The teacher who may use them in the schoolroom will find in them a variety large enough for the different capacities and interests of his pupils, and will find nothing in them but what may be of service to himself also. Every competent teacher will already be possessed of much which they contain; but the worth of the masterpieces of any art increases with use and familiarity of association. They grow fresher by custom; and the love of them deepens in proportion to the time we have known them, and to the memories with which they have become invested.

In the use of these books in the education of children, it is desirable that much of the poetry which they contain should be committed to memory. To learn by heart the best poems is one of the best parts of the school education of the child. But it must be learning *by heart*; that is, not merely by rote as a task, but by heart as a pleasure. The exercise, however difficult at first, becomes easy with continual practice. At

first the teacher must guard against exacting too much; weariness quickly leads to disgust; and the young scholar should be helped to find delight in work itself.

These books are, in brief, meant not only as manuals for learning to read, but as helps to the cultivation of the taste, and to the healthy development of the imagination of those who use them, and thus to the formation and invigoration of the best elements of character.

In the preparation of the HEART OF OAK BOOKS I have received assistance of various sorts from various persons, to all of whom I offer my thanks. I regret that I am not allowed to mention by name one without whose help the Books would not have been made, and to whose hand most of the Notes are due.

The accuracy of the text of the pieces of which the volumes are composed has been secured by the painstaking and scholarly labor of Mr. George H. Browne.

In illustrating this book the same principles have been kept in view as in illustrating Book One. Instead of scattering the pictures up and down the text, however, in the ordinary way, the leading incidents are grouped on one or two pages at the end of the story. This serves the double end of not distracting the attention of the child while he is reading and of helping him when called upon to retell the story in his own words. Mr. Frank T. Merrill has been as successful in catching the spirit of these stories as of the Nursery Rhymes.

C. E. NORTON.

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# THE HEART OF OAK BOOKS.

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## SECOND BOOK.

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### THE THREE BEARS.

A long time ago, there were three bears who lived together in a house of their own in a wood: one, a great huge bear, which was the father; one, a middle-sized bear, which was the mother; and a little wee bear, which was the son.

They had each a basin for their milk and honey: a great huge basin for the great huge bear, a middle-sized basin for the middle-sized bear, and a little wee basin for the little wee bear.

And they had each a chair to sit on: a great huge chair for the great huge bear, a middle-sized chair for the middle-sized bear, and a little wee chair for the little wee bear.

And they also had each a bed to sleep in: a great huge bed for the great huge bear, a middle-sized bed for the middle-sized bear, and a little wee bed for the little wee bear.

One morning, after they had boiled the milk and honey for their breakfast, and poured it into their basins, they went into the wood to take a walk while the milk and honey was cooling.

A few minutes after they had gone, a little girl, named Golden-hair, came to the house and looked in at the window; then she peeped in at the key-hole, and not seeing anybody in the house, she lifted the latch. The door was not fastened, because the bears were good and honest bears, who did nobody any harm, and never thought that anybody would harm them. So little Golden-hair opened the door and went in. She was well pleased when she saw the milk and honey in the basins. If she had been a good child, she would not have touched it, but would have waited until the bears came home, when perhaps they would have asked her to take some with them, for they were good kind-hearted bears.

But little Golden-hair did not wait. She first tasted the milk and honey of the great huge bear, and that was too hot for her; then she tasted the

milk and honey of the middle-sized bear, and that was too cold for her; and then she tasted the milk and honey of the little wee bear, and that was neither too hot nor too cold, but just what she liked.

She took the basin in her hand and sat in a chair, which was the chair of the great huge bear, but that was too hard for her; then she sat down in the next chair, which was the chair of the middle-sized bear, and that was too soft for her; so she thought she would try the other, which was the chair of the little wee bear, and that was neither too hard nor too soft, but just what she liked.

Then she sat down to eat the milk and honey which she held in her hand; but before she had quite finished the milk and honey, the chair broke and let her fall, basin and all.

After this, little Golden-hair went upstairs into the bears' sleeping-room, where she saw three beds.

First she lay down upon the bed of the great huge bear, but that was too high at the head for her; then she lay down upon the bed of the middle-sized bear, and that was too high at the foot for her; and then she lay down upon the bed of the little wee bear, and that was neither too high at the head nor too high at the foot, but just what she liked; so she got snugly into it and fell fast

asleep, just as the three bears came home, thinking their milk and honey would be quite cool enough.

Now little Golden-hair had left the spoon of the great huge bear standing in his milk and honey.

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN AT MY MILK AND HONEY,”

said the great huge bear in his great huge voice.

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN AT MY MILK AND HONEY,”

said the middle-sized bear in a middle voice; and then the little wee bear looked for his basin, and saw it on the floor.

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN AT MY MILK AND HONEY,  
AND HAS EATEN IT ALL UP,”

said the little wee bear in his little wee voice.

Now, the three bears knew that some one must have come into their house while they were absent, and they began to look about them. Little Golden-hair had not put the cushion straight when she rose from the chair of the great huge bear.

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR,”

said the great huge bear in his great huge voice like thunder. And little Golden-hair had crushed the soft cushion of the middle-sized bear.



"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR,"

said the middle-sized bear in a middle voice.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR, AND  
HAS BROKEN IT DOWN,"

said the little wee bear in his little wee voice.

The three bears now felt sure that there was some one in the house, and they went upstairs to their sleeping-room to search further.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING ON MY BED,"

said the great huge bear; for little Golden-hair had tumbled the bed and put the pillow out of its place.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING ON MY BED,"

said the middle-sized bear; for little Golden-hair had also tumbled this bed very much.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING ON MY BED, AND  
HERE SHE IS,"

said the little wee bear with his little wee voice. Golden-hair had not been roused from her sleep by the loud voices of the great huge bear and the middle-sized bear, but the little wee voice of the little wee bear was so sharp and shrill that it awoke little Golden-hair at once.

When she saw the three bears in the room, and close to the side of the bed in which she was sleeping, she was very much frightened. She started up and ran to the window, which was open, and jumped out. The three bears went to the window to look after her, and saw her running into the woods.

But she never came back to their house, and they never saw her again.

---

### THE LAMB.

*William Blake.*

Little lamb, who made thee?  
Dost thou know who made thee,  
Gave thee life, and bade thee feed  
By the stream and o'er the mead;  
Gave thee clothing of delight,  
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;  
Gave thee such a tender voice,  
Making all the vales rejoice?  
Little lamb, who made thee?  
Dost thou know who made thee?

---

A soft answer turneth away wrath  
But grievous words stir up anger.



THE STORY OF THE THREE BEARS.  
TOLD IN PICTURES.

## THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

One hot day, a Wolf was lapping at a clear brook that ran down the side of a hill. Now, not far down the stream, a stray Lamb was playing in the water.

The Wolf made up his mind to eat the Lamb, but he did not wish to do it without a good excuse. So he ran to the Lamb, calling in a loud voice, "Fool, get out of the brook! How dare you muddle the water that I wish to drink?"

"Oh," said the Lamb in a mild tone, "I do not see how that can be. You stood above me to drink, and the water runs from you to me, not from me to you."

"Be that as it may," replied the Wolf, still more fiercely, "it was but a year ago that you called me many ill names."

"Oh, sir," said the Lamb, now in a great fright, "a year ago I was not born."

"Well," said the Wolf, "if it was not you, it was your father, and that is all the same; but it is no use to try to argue me out of my supper;" and without one word more, he fell upon the poor, helpless Lamb, and tore her to bits.

DAME WIGGINS OF LEE, AND HER SEVEN  
WONDERFUL CATS.

Dame Wiggins of Lee  
Was a worthy old soul,  
As e'er threaded a needle,  
Or wash'd in a bowl;  
She held mice and rats  
In such antipathy,  
That seven fine cats  
Kept Dame Wiggins of Lee.

The rats and mice scared  
By this fierce whisker'd crew,  
The poor seven cats  
Soon had nothing to do;  
So, as any one idle  
She ne'er loved to see,  
She sent them to school,  
Did Dame Wiggins of Lee.

The Master soon wrote  
That they all of them knew  
How to read the word "milk"  
And to spell the word "mew."

And they all washed their faces  
Before they took tea :  
“ Were there ever such dears ! ”  
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

He had also thought well  
To comply with their wish  
To spend all their play-time  
In learning to fish  
For stitlings ; they sent her  
A present of three,  
Which, fried, were a feast  
For Dame Wiggins of Lee.

But soon she grew tired  
Of living alone ;  
So she sent for her cats  
From school to come home.  
Each rowing a wherry,  
Returning you see :  
The frolic made merry  
Dame Wiggins of Lee.

The Dame was quite pleas'd  
And ran out to market ;  
When she came back  
They were mending the carpet.

The needle each handled  
As brisk as a bee ;  
" Well done, my good cats,"  
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

To give them a treat,  
She ran out for some rice ;  
When she came back,  
They were skating on ice.  
" I shall soon see one down,  
Aye, perhaps, two or three,  
I'll bet half-a-crown,"  
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

When spring-time came back  
They had breakfast of curds ;  
And were greatly afraid  
Of disturbing the birds.  
" If you sit, like good cats,  
All the seven in a tree,  
They will teach you to sing !"  
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

So they sat in a tree,  
And said " Beautiful ! Hark !"  
And they listened and looked  
In the clouds for the lark.

Then sang, by the fireside,  
Symphonious-ly  
A song without words  
To Dame Wiggins of Lee.

They called the next day  
On the tomtit and sparrow,  
And wheeled a poor sick lamb  
Home in a barrow.  
"You shall all have some sprats  
For your humani-ty,  
My seven good cats,"  
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

While she ran to the field,  
To look for its dam.  
They were warming the bed  
For the poor sick lamb:  
They turn'd up the clothes  
All as neat as could be;  
"I shall ne'er want a nurse,"  
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

She wished them good night,  
And went up to bed:  
When, lo! in the morning,  
The cats were all fled.



But soon—what a fuss!  
“Where can they all be?  
Here, pussy, puss, puss!”  
Cried Dame Wiggins of Lee.

The Dame's heart was nigh broke,  
So she sat down to weep,  
When she saw them come back  
Each riding a sheep:  
She fondled and patted  
Each purring tom-my:  
“Ah! welcome, my dears,”  
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

The Dame was unable  
Her pleasure to smother,  
To see the sick lamb  
Jump up to its mother.  
In spite of the gout,  
And a pain in her knee,  
She went dancing about:  
Did Dame Wiggins of Lee.

The Farmer soon heard  
Where his sheep went astray,  
And arrived at Dame's door  
With his faithful dog Tray.

He knocked with his crook,  
And the stranger to see,  
Out the window did look  
Dame Wiggins of Lee.

For their kindness he had them  
All drawn by his team ;  
And gave them some field-mice,  
And raspberry-cream.  
Said he, " All my stock  
You shall presently see ;  
For I honor the cats  
Of Dame Wiggins of Lee."

He sent his maid out  
For some muffins and crumpets ;  
And when he turn'd round  
They were blowing of trumpets.  
Said he, " I suppose  
She's as deaf as can be,  
Or this ne'er could be borne  
By Dame Wiggins of Lee."

To show them his poultry,  
He turn'd them all loose,  
When each nimbly leap'd  
On the back of a goose,

Which frightened them so  
That they ran to the sea,  
And half-drown'd the poor cats  
Of Dame Wiggins of Lee.

For the care of his lamb,  
And their comical pranks,  
He gave them a ham  
And abundance of thanks.  
"I wish you good-day,  
My fine fellows," said he ;  
"My compliments, pray,  
To Dame Wiggins of Lee."

You see them arrived  
At their Dame's welcome door ;  
They show her their presents,  
And all their good store.  
"Now come in to supper,  
And sit down with me ;  
All welcome once more,"  
Cried Dame Wiggins of Lee.

---

A wise son maketh a glad father  
But a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother.

## LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

In a very pretty village, far away, there once lived a nice little girl. She was one of the sweetest children ever seen.

Her mother loved her very much, and her grandmother said that she was the light of her eyes and the joy of her heart.

To show her love for the child, this good old dame had made her a little red hood, and after a time the little girl was known as Little Red Riding Hood.

One day her mother baked some cakes and made some fresh butter. "Go," she said to Little Red Riding Hood, "and take this cake and a pot of butter to your grandmother; for she is ill in bed."

Little Red Riding Hood was a willing child, and liked to be useful; and, besides, she loved her grandmother dearly.

So she put the things in a basket, and at once set out for the village, on the other side of the wood, where her grandmother lived.

Just as she came to the edge of the wood, Little Red Riding Hood met a wolf, who said to her, "Good morning, Little Red Riding Hood."

He would have liked to eat her on the spot; but some woodmen were at work near by, and he feared they might kill him.

"Good morning, Master Wolf," said the little girl, who had no thought of fear.

"And where are you going?" said the wolf.

"I am going to my grandmother's," said Little Red Riding Hood, "to take her a cake and a pot of butter; for she is ill."

"And where does poor grandmother live?" asked the wolf.

"Down past the mill, on the other side of the wood," said the child.

"Well, I think that I will go and see her too," said the wolf. "So I will take this road, and do you take that, and we shall see which of us will be there first."

The wolf knew that his way was the nearer, for he could dash through the trees, and swim a pond, and so by a very short cut get to the old dame's door.

The wolf ran on as fast as he could, and was very soon at the cottage. He knocked at the door with his paw, "Thump! thump!"

"Who is there?" cried grandmother.

"It is Little Red Riding Hood. I have come

to see how you are, and to bring you a cake and a pot of butter," said the wolf, as well as he could.

He made his voice sound like that of the little girl. "Pull the bobbin, and the latch will fly up," called the grandmother from her bed.

The wolf pulled the bobbin, and in he went. Without a word he sprang upon the old woman and ate her up, for he had not tasted food for three days.

Then he shut the door, and got into the grandmother's bed. But first he put on her cap and night-gown.

He laughed to think of the trick he was to play upon Little Red Riding Hood, who must soon be there.

All this time Little Red Riding Hood was on her way through the wood.

She stopped to listen to the birds that sang in the trees; and she picked the sweet flowers that her grandmother liked, and made a pretty nosegay of them.

A wasp buzzed about her head, and lighted on her flowers. "Eat as much as you like," she said; "only do not sting me." He buzzed louder, but soon flew away.

And a little bird came and pecked at the cake in her basket. "Take all you want, pretty bird," said Little Red Riding Hood. "There will still be plenty left for grandmother and me." "Tweet, tweet," sang the bird, and was soon out of sight.

And now she came upon an old dame who was looking for cresses. "Let me fill your basket," she said, and she gave her the bread she had brought to eat by the way.

The dame rose, and patting the little maid on the head, said, "Thank you, Little Red Riding Hood. If you should meet the green huntsman as you go, pray tell him from me that there is game in the wind."

Little Red Riding Hood looked all about for the green huntsman. She had never seen or heard of such a person before.

At last she passed by a pool of water, so green that you would have taken it for grass. There she saw a huntsman, clad all in green. He stood looking at some birds that flew above his head.

"Good morning, Mr. Huntsman," said Little Red Riding Hood; "the water-cress woman says there is game in the wind."

The huntsman nodded. He bent his ear to the ground to listen. Then he took an arrow and put it

in his bow. "What can it mean?" thought the little girl.

Little Red Riding Hood at last came to her grandmother's cottage, and gave a little tap at the door. "Who is there?" cried the wolf.

The hoarse voice made Little Red Riding Hood say to herself, "Poor grandmother is very ill, she must have a bad cold."

"It is I, your Little Red Riding Hood," she said. "I have come to see how you are, and to bring you a pot of butter and a cake from mother."

"Pull the bobbin, and the latch will fly up," called the wolf. Little Red Riding Hood did so, the door flew open, and she went at once into the cottage.

"Put the cake and butter on the table," said the wolf. "Then come and help me to rise." He had hid his head under the bed-clothes.

She took off her things, and went to the bed to do as she had been told. "Why, grandmother," she said, "what long arms you have!"

"The better to hug you, my dear," said the wolf.

"And, grandmother, what long ears you have!"

"The better to hear you, my dear."

"But, grandmother, what great eyes you have!"

"The better to see you, my dear."



"But, grandmother, what big teeth you have!"

"The better to eat you with, my dear." said the wolf.

He was just going to spring upon poor Little Red Riding Hood, when a wasp flew into the room and stung him upon the nose.

The wolf gave a cry, and a little bird outside sang, "Tweet! tweet!" This told the green huntsman it was time to let fly his arrow, and the wolf was killed on the spot.

---

### WHO HAS SEEN THE WIND?

*Christina G. Rossetti.*

Who has seen the wind?

Neither I nor you:

But when the leaves hang trembling,

The wind is passing thro'.

Who has seen the wind?

Neither you nor I:

But when the trees bow down their heads,

The wind is passing by.



THE STORY OF LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.  
TOLD IN PICTURES.



THE STORY OF LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.  
TOLD IN PICTURES.

## THE WIND.

*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

O wind, that is so strong and cold,  
O blower, are you young or old?  
Are you a beast of field and tree,  
Or just a stronger child than me?  
O wind, a-blowing all day long,  
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,  
But always you yourself you hid.  
I felt you push, I heard you call,  
I could not see yourself at all —  
O wind, a-blowing all day long,  
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

---

## THE SUN AND THE NORTH WIND.

A dispute once arose between the Sun and the North Wind as to which was the stronger of the two. Suddenly they saw a traveller coming down the road, and the Sun said:

“I see a way to decide our dispute. Whichever of us can make that traveller take off his cloak, shall prove himself the stronger. You begin.”

The North Wind began to blow as hard as he could upon the traveller. But the harder he blew, the more closely did the traveller wrap his cloak round him, till at last the North Wind, having put forth all his strength in vain, had to give up in despair.

Then the Sun, driving away the clouds that had gathered, came out and shone in all his glory. He darted his most sultry beams upon the traveller, who soon found it too hot to walk with his cloak on; he flung it off and ran for protection to the nearest shade.

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### THE CITY MOUSE AND THE GARDEN MOUSE.

*Christina G. Rossetti.*

The city mouse lives in a house;—

The garden mouse lives in a bower,  
He's friendly with the frogs and toads,  
And sees the pretty plants in flower.

The city mouse eats bread and cheese;—

The garden mouse eats what he can;  
We will not grudge him seeds and stocks,  
Poor little timid furry man.

**THE FIELD MOUSE AND THE TOWN MOUSE.**

A Field Mouse had a friend who lived in a house in town. Now the Town Mouse was asked by the Field Mouse to dine with him, and out he went and sat down to a meal of corn and wheat.

"Do you know, my friend," said he, "that you live a mere ant's life out here? Why, I have all kinds of things at home; come, and enjoy them."

So the two set off for town, and there the Town Mouse showed his beans and meal, his dates, too, his cheese and fruit and honey. And as the Field Mouse ate, drank, and was merry, he thought how rich his friend was, and how poor he was.

But as they ate, a man all at once opened the door, and the mice were in such a fear that they ran into a crack.

Then, when they would eat some nice figs, in came a maid to get a pot of honey or a bit of cheese; and when they saw her, they hid in a hole.

Then the Field Mouse would eat no more, but said to the Town Mouse: "Do as you like, my good friend; eat all you want, have your fill of good things, but you are always in fear of your life. As for me, poor Mouse, who have only corn and wheat, I will live on at home, in no fear of any one."

THREE CHILDREN SLIDING ON THE ICE.

Three children sliding on the ice,  
 Upon a summer's day;  
 As it fell out, they all fell in,  
 The rest they ran away.

Now had these children been at home,  
 Or sliding on dry ground,  
 Ten thousand pounds to one penny,  
 They had not all been drown'd.

You parents all that children have,  
 And you that have got none,  
 If you would keep them safe abroad,  
 Pray keep them safe at home.

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THE BELLS OF LONDON.

Gay go up and gay go down,  
 To ring the bells of London town.

Bull's-eyes and targets,  
 Say the bells of St. Marg'ret's.

Brickbats and tiles,  
Say the bells of St. Giles'.

Half-pence and farthings,  
Say the bells of St. Martin's.

Oranges and lemons,  
Say the bells of St. Clement's.

Pancakes and fritters,  
Say the bells of St. Peter's.

Two sticks and an apple,  
Say the bells of Whitechapel.

Old Father Baldpate,  
Say the slow bells of Aldgate.

You owe me ten shillings,  
Say the bells of St. Helen's.

Pokers and tongs,  
Say the bells of St. John's.

Kettles and pans,  
Say the bells of St. Ann's.

When will you pay me?  
Say the bells of Old Bailey.



When I grow rich,  
Say the bells of Shoreditch.

Pray when will that be?  
Say the bells of Stepney.

I'm sure I don't know,  
Says the great bell of Bow.

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#### HERCULES AND THE WAGONER.

As a Wagoner was driving a heavy cart through a miry lane, the wheels stuck fast in the clay, and the horses could get no farther.

The man, without making the least effort for himself, dropped on his knees and began calling upon Hercules to come and help him out of his trouble.

"Lazy fellow!" said Hercules, "get up and stir yourself. Urge your horses stoutly, and put your shoulder to the wheel. Heaven helps only those who help themselves."

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Do as you would be done by.

It is never too late to mend.

Waste not want not.

## OVER IN THE MEADOW.

*Olive A. Walsworth.*

Over in the meadow,  
In the sand, in the sun,  
Lived an old mother-toad  
And her little toadie one.  
"Wink!" said the mother;  
"I wink," said the one:  
So she winked and she blinked,  
In the sand, in the sun.

Over in the meadow,  
Where the stream runs blue,  
Lived an old mother-fish  
And her little fishes two.  
"Swim!" said the mother;  
"We swim," said the two:  
So they swam and they leaped,  
Where the stream runs blue.

Over in the meadow,  
In a hole in a tree,  
Lived a mother-bluebird  
And her little bluebirds three.

"Sing!" said the mother;  
    "We sing," said the three:  
So they sang and were glad,  
    In the hole in the tree.

Over in the meadow,  
    In the reeds on the shore,  
Lived a mother-muskrat  
    And her little muskrats four.  
"Dive!" said the mother;  
    "We dive," said the four:  
So they dived and they burrowed,  
    In the reeds on the shore.

Over in the meadow,  
    In a snug beehive,  
Lived a mother-honeybee  
    And her little honeys five.  
"Buzz!" said the mother;  
    "We buzz," said the five:  
So they buzzed and they hummed,  
    In the snug beehive.

Over in the meadow,  
    In a nest built of sticks,  
Lived a black mother-crow  
    And her little crows six.

"Caw!" said the mother;  
"We caw," said the six:  
So they cawed and they called,  
In their nest built of sticks.

Over in the meadow,  
Where the grass is so even,  
Lived a gay mother-cricket  
And her little crickets seven.  
"Chirp!" said the mother;  
"We chirp," said the seven:  
So they chirped cheery notes,  
In the grass soft and even.

Over in the meadow,  
By the old mossy gate,  
Lived a brown mother-lizard  
And her little lizards eight.  
"Bask!" said the mother;  
"We bask," said the eight:  
So they basked in the sun,  
On the old mossy gate.

Over in the meadow,  
Where the clear pools shine,  
Lived a green mother-frog  
And her little froggies nine.

"Croak!" said the mother;  
"We croak," said the nine:  
So they croaked and they plashed,  
Where the clear pools shine.

Over in the meadow,  
In a sly little den,  
Lived a gray mother-spider  
And her little spiders ten.  
"Spin!" said the mother;  
"We spin," said the ten:  
So they spun lace webs,  
In their sly little den.

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#### THE FOX AND THE CROW.

A Fox once saw a Crow fly off with a piece of cheese in its beak and light on a branch of a tree. "Good-day, Mistress Crow," he cried. "How well you are looking to-day! how glossy your feathers! how bright your eye! Let me hear but one song from you, that I may greet you as Queen of the Birds."

The Crow, highly flattered, lifted up her head and began to caw her best; but the moment she opened her mouth, the piece of cheese fell to the ground, only to be snapped up by Master Fox.

## UNION GIVES STRENGTH.

An old man on the point of death called his sons around him. He ordered a bundle of sticks brought in, and said to each son in turn: "Break it." Each son strained, but with all his strength was unable to break the bundle.

"Untie the fagots," said the father, "and each of you take a stick." When they had done so, he called out to them: "Now, break," and each stick was easily broken.

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## THE HISTORY OF TOM THUMB.

In the days of King Arthur, Merlin, the famous enchanter, was once upon a long journey; when, feeling very weary, he stopped at the cottage of an honest ploughman to ask for some food. The ploughman's wife immediately brought him some milk and some brown bread, setting it before him with great civility.

Merlin could not help seeing that, although everything was very neat and clean, and the ploughman and his wife did not seem to be in want, yet they

looked very sad; so he asked them to let him know the cause of their grief, and found that they were unhappy because they had no children.

"Ah me!" said the forlorn woman, "if I had but a son, although he were no longer than my husband's thumb, I should be the happiest woman in the world!"

Now Merlin was much amused at the thought of a boy no bigger than a man's thumb, and, as soon as he got home, he sent for the queen of the fairies, who was a great friend of his, and told her of the night he spent at the ploughman's hut, and of the strange wish of the poor woman, and he asked her to grant her the tiny child she so earnestly wished. The thought amused the queen, and she promised that his wish should be granted.

And so it turned out that the ploughman's wife had a son, who, to the wonder of all the country people, was just the size of his father's thumb.

One day, while the happy mother was sitting up in bed, smiling on its pretty face, and feeding it out of the cup of an acorn, the queen came in at the window, and kissing the child, gave it the name of Tom Thumb. She then told the other fairies to dress her favorite.

An oak-leaf he had for his crown,  
His shirt, it was by spiders spun;  
With doublet wove of thistle-down,  
His trousers up with points were done;  
His stockings of apple-rind, they tie  
With eyelash plucked from his mother's eye;  
His shoes were made of a mouse's skin,  
Nicely tanned, with the hair within.

Tom never grew bigger than his father's thumb; but, as he grew older, he became very cunning and full of mischievous tricks. Thus, when he was old enough to play cherry-stones with other boys, and had lost his own, he used to creep into other boys' bags, fill his pockets, and come out again to play. But one day as he was getting out of a bag, the owner chanced to see him.

"Ah ha! my little Tom Thumb," said the boy, "so I have caught you at your tricks at last; now I will pay you off for your thieving."

Then drawing the string around his neck, he shook the bag so heartily that the cherry-stones bruised Tom's limbs and body sadly, which made him beg to be let out, and promised never to be guilty of such doings any more. He was soon let off, but this cured him of pilfering.



One day Tom's mother was beating up a batter pudding, and she placed him in an egg-shell to be out of harm's way. Tom crept out, however, and climbed to the edge of the bowl, when his foot slipped, and he fell over head and ears into the batter. His mother, not seeing him, stirred him into the pudding, which she next put into the pot to boil. Tom soon felt the scalding water, which made him kick and struggle.

His mother, seeing the pudding turn round and round in the pot in such a furious manner, thought it was bewitched; and as a tinker came by just at the time, she quickly gave him the pudding, which he put into his budget, and went away.

As soon as Tom could get the batter out of his mouth, he began to cry aloud. This so frightened the poor tinker that he flung the pudding over the hedge, and ran away as fast as he could. The pudding being broken by the fall, Tom was set free, so he walked home to his mother, who kissed him and put him to bed.

Another time, Tom Thumb's mother took him with her when she went to milk the cow, and as it was a very windy day, she tied him with a needleful of thread to a thistle, that he might not be blown away.

The cow, liking his oak-leaf hat, picked him and the thistle up at one mouthful. When the cow began to chew the thistle, Tom was dreadfully frightened at her great teeth, and cried out, "Mother! mother!"

"Where are you, Tommy, my dear Tommy?" cried the mother, in great alarm.

"Here, mother, here, in the red cow's mouth!"

The mother began to cry and wring her hands; but the cow, surprised at such odd noises in her throat, opened her mouth and let him drop out. His mother caught him in her apron, and ran home with him.

One day, as Tom Thumb's father was in the fields with him, Tom begged to be allowed to take home the horse and cart. The father laughed at the thought of little Tom driving a horse, and asked him how he would hold the reins.

"Oh," said Tom, "I will sit in the horse's ear, and call out which way he is to go."

The father consented, and off Tom set, seated in the ear of the horse. "Yeo hup! yeo hup!" cried Tom, as he passed some country people, who, not seeing Tom, and thinking the horse was bewitched, ran off very fast.

Tom's mother was greatly surprised when she saw the horse arrive at the cottage door, with no one to

guide it, and she ran out to look after it; but Tom called out, "Mother, mother, take me down, I am in the horse's ear!"

Tom's mother was very glad that her little son could be so useful, and she lifted him gently down, and gave him half a blackberry for his dinner.

After this, Tom's father made him a whip of barley-straw, that he might sometimes drive the cattle; and as he was driving them home one day, he fell into a deep furrow. A raven picked up the straw, with Tom too, and carried him to the top of a giant's castle, by the sea-side, and there left him.

Soon afterwards old Grumbo, the giant, came out to walk on the terrace. Grumbo took the child up between his finger and thumb, and, opening his great mouth, he tried to swallow Tom like a pill. But Tom so danced in the red throat of the giant, that he soon cast him into the sea, where a large fish swallowed him in an instant.

This fish was soon after caught, and sent as a present to King Arthur. When it was cut open, everybody was delighted with the sight of Tom Thumb, who was found inside. The king made him his dwarf, and he was soon a very great favorite; for his tricks and gambols, and lively

words amused the queen and the Knights of the Round Table.

When the king rode out, he frequently took Tom in his hand, and if rain fell, he used to creep into the king's pocket, and sleep till the rain was over.

One day, the king asked Tom concerning his parents, and finding they were very poor, the king led Tom into his treasury, and told him he might pay them a visit, and take with him as much money as he could carry.

Tom bought a small purse, and putting a three-penny piece into it, with much difficulty got it upon his back, and after travelling two days and two nights, reached his father's cottage.

His mother met him at the door, almost tired to death, having travelled forty-eight hours without resting, with a huge silver three-penny piece upon his back.

His parents were glad to see him, especially when he was the bearer of so large a sum of money. They placed him in a walnut shell by the fireside, and feasted him on a hazel-nut for three days.

When Tom recovered his strength, his duty told him it was time to return to court; but there had been such a heavy fall of rain that he could not travel; so his mother opened the window, when the

wind was blowing in the proper direction, and gave him a puff, which soon carried him to the king's palace. There Tom exerted himself so much at tilts and tournaments, for the diversion of the king, queen, and nobility, that he brought on a fit of sickness, and his life was despaired of.

The queen of the fairies having heard of this, came in a chariot, drawn by flying mice, and placing Tom by her side, she drove back through the air, without stopping, to her own home.

The child soon recovered health and strength in fairy-land, and much enjoyed the diversions which were prepared for his amusement in that happy country.

After awhile the queen sent him back to the king, floating upon a current of air, which she caused to be ready for the journey. Just as Tom was flying over the palace yard, the cook passed along with a great bowl of the king's favorite dish, furmenty, and poor Tom fell plumb into the middle of it, and splashed the hot furmenty into the cook's eyes, making him let fall the bowl.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" cried Tom.

"Murder! murder!" cried the cook, as the king's dainty furmenty ran into the dog's kennel.

The cook was a red-faced, cross fellow, and swore

to the king that Tom had done it out of some evil design ; so he was taken up, tried for high treason, and sentenced to be beheaded.

Just as this dreadful sentence was given, it happened that a miller was standing by, with his mouth wide open ; so Tom took a good spring and jumped down his throat, unseen by any one, even by the miller himself.

The culprit being now lost, the court broke up and the miller went back to his home. But Tom did not leave him long at rest ; he began to roll and tumble about, so that the miller thought himself bewitched and sent for a doctor.

When the doctor came, Tom began to dance and sing. The doctor was more frightened than the miller, and he sent in a hurry for ten other doctors and twenty wise men, who began to discuss the matter at great length, each insisting that his own explanation was the true one.

The miller could not refrain from a hearty yawn, upon which Tom seized the lucky chance, and, with another bold jump, he alighted safely upon his feet on the middle of the table. The miller, in a fury, seized Tom, and threw him out of the window into the mill-stream, where he was once more swallowed up by a fish.

As happened before, the fish was caught and sold in the market to the steward of a great lord. The nobleman, seeing such a fine fish, sent it as a present to the king, who ordered it to be cooked for dinner.

When the fish was opened, Tom found himself once more in the hands of the cook, who immediately ran with him to the king; but the king being busy with state affairs, ordered him to be brought another day. The cook, to be sure of the prisoner, put him into a mouse-trap, where he remained seven days.

After that, the king sent for him, forgave him for throwing down the furmenty, ordered him a new suit of clothes, gave him a spirited hunter, and knighted him.

His shirt was made of butterflies' wings;  
His boots were made of chickens' skins;  
His coat and breeches were made with pride;  
A tailor's needle hung by his side;  
A mouse for a horse he used to ride.

Thus dressed and mounted, he rode a-hunting with the king and nobility, who all laughed heartily at Tom and his fine prancing steed.

One fine day, as they passed an old farm-house,

a large black cat jumped out and seized both Tom and his steed, and began to devour the poor mouse. Tom drew his sword, and boldly attacked the cat.

The king and his nobles seeing Tom in danger, went to his assistance, and one of the lords bravely saved him just in time; but poor Tom was sadly scratched, and his clothes were torn by the claws of the cat.

In this condition he was carried in the palace and laid on a bed of down in a beautiful ivory cabinet. The queen of the fairies then came and took him to fairy-land again, where she kept him for some years; after which, dressing him in bright green, she sent him once more flying through the air to the earth.

People flocked far and near to look at Tom Thumb, and he was carried before King Thunstone, who had succeeded to the throne, King Arthur being dead.

The king asked him who he was, whence he came, and where he lived. Tom answered:—

“My name is Tom Thumb,  
From the fairies I’ve come.  
When King Arthur shone,  
This court was my home;  
In me he delighted,  
By him I was knighted;

Did you never once hear of Sir Thomas Thumb?”

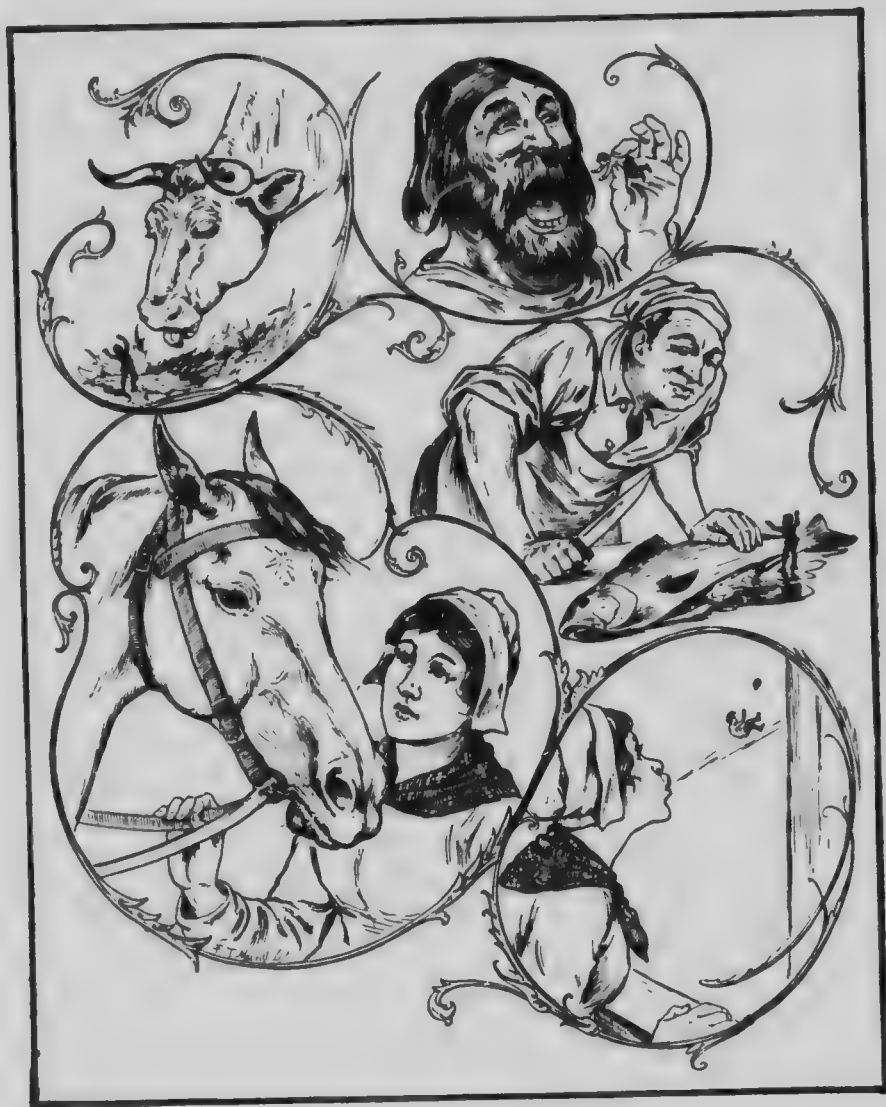


The king was charmed with this speech. He caused a little chair to be made, in order that Tom might sit on his table; and also a palace of gold a span high, with a door an inch wide, for little Tom to live in. He also gave him a coach, drawn by six small mice. This made the queen angry, because she had not got a coach also. She made up her mind to ruin Tom, and told the king that he had been very insolent to her; when the king sent for Tom in a great rage. To escape his fury, Tom hid himself in an empty snail-shell, where he lay till he was nearly starved.

At last, peeping out, he saw a fine butterfly settle on the ground. He now ventured forth, and got astride the butterfly, which took wing and mounted into the air with little Tom on his back.

Away they went from field to field, and from flower to flower, till the butterfly, attracted by the light streaming from the king's dining-room, flew in at the open window. The king, queen, and nobles all strove to catch the butterfly, but could not.

At length poor Tom, having neither saddle nor bridle, slipped from his seat into a sweet dish called whitepot, and was nearly drowned. The queen was bent on having him punished, and he was once more put in a mouse-trap. Here the cat, seeing



THE HISTORY OF TOM THUMB.  
TOLD IN PICTURES.



THE HISTORY OF TOM THUMB.  
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something stir, and thinking a mouse was there, so rolled about the trap with her claws, that she broke it, and the prisoner escaped.

Soon afterward a large spider, taking poor Tom for a big fly, made a spring at him. Tom drew his sword, and fought with courage, but the poisonous breath of the spider overcame him.

He fell dead on the ground where late he had stood, And the spider sucked up the last drop of his blood.

King Thunstone and all his court wept for the loss of the little favorite. They wore mourning for him for three years. He was buried under a rosebush, and a marble head-stone was raised over his grave, bearing these words:—

Here lies Tom Thumb, King Arthur's knight,  
Who died by spider's cruel bite;  
He was well known in Arthur's court,  
Where he afforded gallant sport.  
He rode a tilt and tournament,  
And on a mouse a-hunting went;  
Alive, he filled the court with mirth,  
His death to sorrow soon gave birth;  
Wipe, wipe your eyes, and shake your head,  
And cry, "Alas! Tom Thumb is dead!"

## THE LARK AND HER YOUNG ONES.

A Lark, who had Young Ones in a field of grain which was almost ripe, was afraid that the reapers would come before her young brood were fledged. So every day when she flew off to look for food, she charged them to take note of what they heard in her absence, and to tell her of it when she came home.

One day, when she was gone, they heard the owner of the field say to his son that the grain seemed ripe enough to be cut, and tell him to go early the next day and ask their friends and neighbors to come and help reap it.

When the old Lark came home, the Little Ones quivered and chirped round her, and told her what had happened, begging her to take them away as fast as she could. The mother bade them be easy; "for," said she, "if he depends on his friends and his neighbors, I am sure the grain will not be reaped to-morrow."

Next day, she went out again, and left the same orders as before. The owner came, and waited. The sun grew hot, but nothing was done, for not a soul came. "You see," said the owner to his son,

"these friends of ours are not to be depended upon; so run off at once to your uncles and cousins, and say I wish them to come early to-morrow morning and help us reap."

This the Young Ones, in a great fright, told also to their mother. "Do not fear, children," said she; "kindred and relations are not always very forward in helping one another; but keep your ears open, and let me know what you hear to-morrow."

The owner came the next day, and, finding his relations as backward as his neighbors, said to his son, "Now listen to me. Get two good sickles ready for to-morrow morning, for it seems we must reap the grain by ourselves."

The Young Ones told this to their mother. "Then, my dears," said she, "it is time for us to go; for when a man undertakes to do his work himself, it is not so likely that he will be disappointed." She took them away at once, and the grain was reaped the next day by the old man and his son.

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#### REMEDY FOR EVIL.

For every evil under the sun,  
There is a remedy, or there is none.  
If there be one, try to find it;  
If there be none, never mind it.

## THE LANGUAGE OF BIRDS.

*Samuel Taylor Coleridge.*

Do you ask what the birds say? The Sparrow, the  
Dove,

The Linnet and Thrush say, "I love and I love!"  
In the winter they're silent — the wind is so strong;  
What it says, I don't know, but it sings a loud song.  
But green leaves, and blossoms, and sunny warm  
weather,

And singing, and loving — all come back together.

"I love, and I love," almost all the birds say  
From sunrise to star-rise, so gladsome are they!  
But the Lark is so brimful of gladness and love,  
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,  
That he sings, and he sings; and for ever sings he —  
"I love my Love, and my Love loves me!"

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THE SWALLOW.*Christina G. Rossetti.*

Fly away, fly away over the sea,  
Sun-loving swallow, for summer is done;  
Come again, come again, come back to me,  
Bringing the summer and bringing the sun.

*ONE SWALLOW DOES NOT MAKE A SUMMER.*

A reckless young spendthrift who had only his cloak left, spied one day a Swallow out of season. Thinking spring had come, he sold his cloak; but not long afterward, a storm arose, and the poor Swallow could not survive the cold. "Ah, my friend," said the heedless spendthrift, "you have ruined me, and are lost yourself."

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*COME, MY CHILDREN.*

Come, my children, come away,  
For the sun shines bright to-day;  
Little children, come with me,  
Birds, and brooks, and flowers to see.

See the little lambs at play  
In the meadows bright and gay;  
How they leap, and skip, and run,  
Full of frolic, full of fun!

Bring the hoop and bring the ball;  
Come, with happy faces all,  
Let us make a merry ring,  
Talk and dance, and laugh and sing.



## AN EMERALD IS AS GREEN AS GRASS.

*Christina G. Rossetti.*

An emerald is as green as grass ;  
A ruby red as blood ;  
A sapphire shines as blue as heaven ,  
A flint lies in the mud.

A diamond is a brilliant stone  
To catch the world's desire ,  
An opal holds a fiery spark ;  
But a flint holds fire.

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## DIAMONDS AND TOADS.

There was, once upon a time, a widow who had two daughters. The eldest was so much like her in face and humor, that whoever looked upon the daughter saw the mother. They were both so disagreeable, and so proud, that there was no living with them.

The youngest, who was the very picture of her father for courtesy and sweetness of temper, was withal one of the most beautiful girls was ever seen

People naturally love their own likenesses, and this mother doted on her eldest daughter; but at the same time she had a sad aversion for the youngest. She made her eat in the kitchen, and work continually.

Among other things, this poor child was forced twice a day to draw water above a mile and a half from the house, and bring home a pitcher full of it. One day, as she was at this fountain, there came to her a poor woman, who begged of her to let her drink.

"O, yes, with all my heart, Goody," said this pretty little girl; and rinsing the pitcher, she took up some water from the clearest place of the fountain, and gave it to her, holding up the pitcher all the while that she might drink the easier.

The good woman having drunk, said to her, "You are so very pretty, my dear, so good and so mannerly, that I cannot help giving you a gift" — for this was a fairy, who had taken the form of a poor country woman, to see how far the civility and good manners of this pretty girl would go. "I will give you for gift," continued the fairy, "that at every word you speak, there shall come out of your mouth either a flower or a jewel."

When this pretty girl came home, her mother scolded at her for staying so long at the fountain.

"I beg your pardon, mamma," said the poor girl, "for not making more haste;" and, in speaking these words, there came out of her mouth two roses, two pearls, and two large diamonds.

"What is it I see there?" said her mother quite astonished. "I think I see pearls and diamonds come out of the girl's mouth! How happens this, my child?"—This was the first time she ever called her her child.

The poor creature told her frankly all the matter, not without dropping out infinite numbers of diamonds.

"In good faith," cried the mother, "I must send my child thither. Come hither, Fanny, look what comes out of your sister's mouth when she speaks! Would you not be glad, my dear, to have the same gift given to you? You have nothing else to do but go draw water out of the fountain, and when a certain poor woman asks you to let her drink, to give it her very civilly."

"It would be a very fine sight, indeed," said this ill-bred minx, "to see me go draw water!"

"You shall go, hussy," said the mother, "and this minute."

So away she went, but grumbling all the way, and taking with her the best silver tankard in the house.

She was no sooner at the fountain than she saw coming out of the wood a lady most gloriously dressed, who came up to her and asked to drink.

This was, you must know, the very fairy who appeared to her sister, but who had now taken the air and dress of a princess to see how far this girl's rudeness would go.

"Am I come hither," said the proud, saucy maid, "to serve you with water, pray? I suppose the silver tankard was brought purely for your ladyship, was it? However, you may drink out of it, if you have a fancy."

"You are not over and above mannerly," answered the fairy, without putting herself in a passion. "Well, then, since you have so little breeding, and are so disobliging, I give you for gift, that at every word you speak there shall come out of your mouth a snake or a toad."

So soon as her mother saw her coming, she cried out, "Well, daughter."

"Well, mother," answered the pert hussy, throwing out of her mouth two vipers and two toads.

"O mercy!" cried the mother, "what is it I see!

O, it is that wretch, her sister, who has occasioned all this ; but she shall pay for it ;” and immediately she ran to beat her.

The poor child fled away from her, and went to hide herself in the forest, not far from thence.

The king’s son, then on his return from hunting, met her and seeing her so very pretty, asked her what she did there alone, and why she cried. “Alas ! sir, my mamma has turned me out of doors.”

The king’s son, who saw five or six pearls, and as many diamonds, come out of her mouth, desired her to tell him how that happened. She thereupon told him the whole story ; and so the king’s son fell in love with her ; and, considering with himself that such a gift was worth more than any marriage-portion whatsoever in another, he conducted her to the palace of the king his father, and there married her.

As for her sister, she made herself so much hated that her own mother turned her off ; and the miserable girl, having wandered about a good while without finding anybody to take her in, went to a corner in the wood and there died.

## THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

*Mary Switt.*

"Will you walk into my parlor?"

Said the Spider to the Fly;

"'Tis the prettiest little parlor

That ever you did spy.

"The way into my parlor

Is up a winding stair,

And I have many curious things

To show when you are there."

"Oh no, no," said the little Fly,

"To ask me is in vain;

For who goes up your winding stair

Can ne'er come down again."

"I'm sure you must be weary, dear,

With soaring up so high;

Will you rest upon my little bed?"

Said the Spider to the Fly.

"There are pretty curtains drawn around;

The sheets are fine and thin,

And if you like to rest awhile,

I'll snugly tuck you in!"

“ Oh no, no,” said the little Fly,  
“ For I’ve often heard it said,  
They never, never wake again,  
Who sleep upon your bed.”

Said the cunning Spider to the Fly :

“ Dear friend, what can I do  
To prove the warm affection  
I’ve always felt for you ?

“ I have within my pantry  
Good store of all that’s nice :  
I’m sure you’re very welcome —  
Will you please to take a slice ? ”

“ Oh no, no,” said the little Fly,  
“ Kind sir, that cannot be ;  
I’ve heard what’s in your pantry,  
And I do not wish to see.”

“ Sweet creature ! ” said the Spider,  
“ You’re witty and you’re wise ;  
How handsome are your gauzy wings !  
How brilliant are your eyes !

“ I have a little looking-glass  
Upon my parlor shelf ;  
If you’ll step in one moment, dear,  
You shall behold yourself.”

“I thank you, gentle sir,” she said,  
“For what you’re pleased to say,  
And, bidding you good-morning now,  
I’ll call another day.”

The Spider turned him round about,  
And went into his den,  
For well he knew the silly Fly  
Would soon come back again :

So he wove a subtle web  
In a little corner sly,  
And set his table ready  
To dine upon the fly.

Then came out to his door again,  
And merrily did sing :  
“Come hither, hither, pretty Fly,  
With the pearl and silver wing ;

“Your robes are green and purple —  
There’s a crest upon your head :  
Your eyes are like the diamond bright,  
But mine are dull as lead !”

Alas, alas ! how very soon  
This silly little Fly,  
Hearing his wily, flattering words,  
Came slowly flitting by ;



With buzzing wings he hung aloft,  
Then near and nearer drew,  
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes,  
And green and purple hue —

Thinking only of her crested head —  
Poor, foolish thing! At last,  
Up jumped the cunning Spider,  
And fiercely held her fast.

He dragged her up his winding stair,  
Into his dismal den,  
Within his little parlor —  
But she ne'er came out again.

And now, dear little children,  
Who may this story read,  
To idle, silly, flattering words,  
I pray you ne'er give heed.

Unto an evil counsellor  
Close heart and ear and eye,  
And take a lesson from this tale  
Of the Spider and the Fly.

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Pride goeth before destruction  
And a haughty spirit before a fall.

## JACK AND THE BEANSTALK.

A long time ago, there lived a widow, whose cottage was in a remote country village, many miles from London.

She had an only child named Jack, whom she indulged so much that he had little care for anything she said, and became idle, inattentive, and a spend-thrift. It is true, his follies were not owing to an evil nature, but to his mother's never having checked him. She was poor, and he would not work; and she was forced to maintain herself and him by selling what she had.

At last, scarcely anything was left but a cow. The poor woman, with tears in her eyes, for the first time in her life, could not help blaming Jack.

"Oh, you wicked child," she said, "by your course of life you have at last brought us both to ruin. I have not money enough to buy a bit of bread for another day; nothing is left but my cow, and that must now be sold or we must starve!"

For a few minutes Jack felt a degree of shame, but it was soon over; and becoming very hungry for want of food, he teased his mother so much to let him sell the cow at the next village, that she at last consented.

As he was going along he met a butcher, who asked why he was driving the cow from home. Jack replied that he was going to sell it.

The butcher had some curious beans in his bag; they were of various colors, and attracted Jack's notice. This the butcher saw, and knowing Jack's easy temper, he thought he would take advantage of it, and offered them all for the cow.

The silly boy thought it a great offer; the bargain was instantly struck, and the cow exchanged for a few paltry beans.

When Jack told his mother, her patience quite forsook her; she threw the beans from the door. They flew in all directions, and some fell upon the newly ploughed ground of the garden. Then she threw her apron over her head, and cried bitterly. Jack tried to comfort her, but in vain; and, not having anything to eat, they both went supperless to bed.

Jack woke very early the next morning, and seeing something uncommon from his chamber window, he ran down stairs into the garden, where he soon found that some of the beans had taken root and sprung up surprisingly. The stalks were of great thickness, and had so entwined that they formed a ladder like a chain in appearance, and so high that the top appeared to be lost in the clouds.

Jack was an adventurous lad. He tried the stalk, found it firm and not to be shaken. He then quickly made up his mind to climb the beanstalk and see where it would lead to. Full of this plan, which made him forget even his hunger, Jack ran to tell his mother his intention. But she declared he should not go, saying he would break her heart. She begged, and then threatened ; but all in vain.

Jack set out, and after climbing for some hours, reached the top of the beanstalk, tired and worn out. Looking round, he was surprised to find himself in a strange country. It seemed to be a quite barren desert,—not a tree, shrub, house, or living thing was to be seen.

Jack seated himself upon a block of stone, and thought seriously of his mother. He was very hungry ; he thought with sorrow on his disobedience in climbing the beanstalk against her will ; and he feared that he must now die for want of food.

However, he got up and walked on, hoping to see a house where he might beg something to eat and drink.

Presently he saw a beautiful lady in the distance. She was handsomely dressed and had a small white staff in her hand, on the top of which sat a peacock

of pure gold. Jack, who was a gallant fellow, went straight up to her. With a bewitching smile, she asked him how he came there. Jack told her all about the beanstalk.

"Do you remember your father, young man?" asked the lady.

"No," replied Jack; "but I am sure there is some mystery about him, for when I mention his name to my mother, she always begins to weep, and will tell me nothing."

"She dare not," answered the lady, "but I can, and will. For know, young man, that I am a fairy, and was made your father's guardian at his birth. But fairies have laws to which they are subject as well as mortals; and by an error of mine, I lost my power, so that I was unable to help your father when he most needed it, and he died." Here the fairy looked so sorrowful that Jack's heart warmed to her, and he begged her earnestly to tell him more.

"I will," said she, "but before I begin, I ask a solemn promise on your part to do what I command; and unless you do exactly what I tell you to, your mother and yourself shall both be destroyed."

Jack was rather frightened at this, but he said he would follow her direction, and the fairy went on to say: —

“Your father was a rich man, very good-hearted, and always aiding the poor. He made it a rule never to refuse aid to those in his neighborhood who deserved it; but, on the contrary, to seek out the helpless and distressed, and not to let a day pass without doing a kindness to some person. His servants were all happy, and greatly attached both to their master and mistress. Your father deserved all the wealth he had, for he lived only to do good.

“His kind disposition won him the esteem of the good, but could not screen him from the envious and wicked part of mankind. He had one misfortune, — a false friend.

“Not many miles from your father’s house lived a powerful giant, who was the dread of all the country for his cruelty and oppression; he was envious, covetous, and cruel, and hated to hear others talked of for their goodness towards men. He vowed to do your father a mischief, so that he might no longer hear his good actions told by every one; and he soon made up a plan to put his wicked thoughts into practice.

“Having come to your father’s neighborhood, he gave out that he had just lost all he had by an earthquake, and found it difficult to get off with his life. Your father believed his story and pitied him; he

took him to his own house and treated the giant and his wife as visitors of distinction. Before long, however, the ungrateful giant became impatient to carry out his plan, and the chance soon came.

"From your father's house the sea could be seen distinctly, and one day when the wind was very high, the giant saw a fleet of ships in distress off the rocks. He hastened to tell the news to your father, and eagerly asked him to send all his servants to aid the sufferers. Every one was instantly despatched to the scene of the wreck. Your father and the giant were then seated together in the parlor, when no sooner did your poor father turn his back than the brutal giant stabbed him.

"You were then only three months old; your mother had you in her arms in another part of the house, and was ignorant of what was going on. But she soon came to the parlor, where the giant, who had gone to look for her, found her motionless with grief. He was about to serve her and you as he had done your father, but she fell at his feet, and begged him to spare your life and her own.

"The cruel giant for a short time was struck with remorse, and spared your life and hers; but first he

made her swear that she would never tell the story of her wrongs to any one.

"Your mother took you in her arms and fled as quickly as possible ; but she was scarcely gone when the giant was sorry that he had suffered her to escape, and would have gone after her but he had to get away before the servants returned.

"Having gained your father's confidence, he knew where to find all his treasure ; with this he soon loaded himself and his wife, set the house on fire in several places ; and when the servants came back, the house was burnt down to the ground.

"Your poor mother, in sad distress, wandered with you a great many miles away, not knowing where to rest. At last she settled in the cottage where you were brought up, and it was wholly owing to her fear of the giant that she has never told you of your father.

"The day on which you met the butcher, as you went to sell your mother's cow, my power came back. It was I who secretly caused you to take the beans for the cow. By my power the beanstalk grew to so great a height, and formed a ladder.

"The giant lives in this country ; you are the person appointed to punish him for his wickedness. You will run great dangers ; but you must go on until



you thoroughly punish him, or you will not prosper in anything you wish to do.

"As to the giant's property, everything he has is yours; you may take, therefore, whatever part of it you can. One thing I strictly charge you: do not let your mother know that you know your father's history until you see me again.

"Go along the straight road. You will soon see the house where your cruel adversary lives. While you do as I order you, I will protect and guard you; but remember, if you disobey my commands, you shall suffer in a dreadful way."

As soon as the fairy had ended, she disappeared, leaving Jack to go on his journey. He walked on till after sunset, when, to his great joy, he caught sight of a large house. His drooping spirits revived; he redoubled his speed, and soon reached it.

A plain-looking woman was at the door. He spoke to her, and begged her to give him a morsel of bread and a night's lodging. She expressed surprise at seeing him, and said it was an uncommon thing to see a human being near their house, for it was well known that her husband was a cruel and powerful giant who would feed on human flesh if he could get it.

This information greatly terrified Jack; but he trusted to the fairy's protection, and again begged

the woman to take him for one night only and hide him where she thought proper. The good woman at last suffered herself to be persuaded, for she was of a tender and generous disposition, and took him into the house.

First they entered a large hall, finely furnished; they then passed through several spacious rooms, all in the same fine style; but they seemed to be quite desolate. A long gallery was next entered; it was just light enough to show that, instead of a wall, there was on one side a grating of iron, which parted off a dungeon, where were several poor men whom the giant was keeping till he should want them.

Poor Jack was half dead with fear, and would have given the world to be with his mother again; for he now began to fear that he should never see her more, and was almost inclined to give himself up for lost. He even had doubts of the good woman, and thought she had led him into the house for no other purpose than to lock him among the unhappy men in the dungeon. Still, he remembered the fairy, and a gleam of hope came into his heart.

At the farther end of the gallery there was a spacious kitchen, and a very excellent fire was burning

in the grate. The good woman bade Jack sit down and gave him plenty to eat and drink.

Jack, seeing nothing here to make him uncomfortable, soon forgot his fear, and was just beginning to enjoy himself, when he was disturbed by a knocking at the gate, which was so loud as to cause the whole house to shake. The giant's wife ran to hide him in the oven, and then went to let in her husband; and Jack heard him say to her in a voice of thunder, "Wife, wife, I smell fresh meat!" "Oh, my dear," answered she, "it is nothing but the people in the dungeon."

The giant seemed to believe her and walked into the very kitchen where poor Jack was hidden, who now shook and trembled and was more terrified than he had yet been.

At last the monster seated himself quietly by the fireside, while his wife got ready his supper. By degrees Jack recovered himself enough to look at the giant through a small crack. He was surprised to see how much he ate, and thought he would never have done eating and drinking. When he was through supper, the giant leaned back, and called to his wife in a voice like thunder:—

"Bring me my hen!"

She obeyed, and put upon the table a beautiful hen.

"Lay!" roared the giant, and the hen immediately laid an egg of solid gold.

"Lay another!" he yelled, and every time the giant shouted "Lay!" the hen laid a larger egg than before.

The giant amused himself a long time with his hen, and then sent his wife to bed. At length, he fell asleep by the fireside, and snored like the roaring of a cannon.

At daybreak, Jack, finding the giant not likely to wake soon, crept softly from his hiding-place, seized the hen, and ran off with her. He easily found his way to the beanstalk, and went down it more readily than he expected. His mother was overjoyed to see him.

"Now mother," said Jack, "I have brought you home that which will speedily make you rich." The hen laid as many golden eggs as they wished; they sold them, and in a little time they had riches in plenty.

For some months Jack and his mother lived very happily; but he longed to pay another visit to the giant. He remembered the fairy's commands, and feared that if he delayed to attend to them, he should suffer for it. Therefore he disguised himself, and stained his skin, so that he

felt sure no one would know him. Early in the morning he again climbed the beanstalk, and reached the giant's house late in the evening. The woman was at the door as before. Jack told her a pitiful tale and prayed for a night's lodging.

She told him that she had one night let in a poor hungry boy, that he had stolen one of the giant's most precious treasures, and that ever since her husband had used her cruelly. At Jack's earnest wish, however, she took him into the kitchen, gave him some supper, and hid him in a lumber closet.

Soon after, the giant came back, walking so heavily as to make the house shake. He seated himself by the brisk fire, saying, with a savage look, "I smell fresh meat."

The wife answered that it was owing to the crows, having brought a piece of meat and dropped it on the roof of the house.

While supper was preparing, the giant was very ill-tempered, and was also continually upbraiding his wife with the loss of his wonderful hen. At last, after finishing his supper, he cried:—

"Bring me something to amuse me—my harp or my money-bags."

"Which will you have, my dear?" said his wife, humbly.

"My money-bags," thundered he, "because they are heavier to carry."

Jack peeped out of his hiding-place, and saw the woman bringing into the room two bags of immense size, filled with gold and silver. They were both placed before the giant, who scolded his wife because she had been slow. The poor woman answered, trembling with fear, that they were so heavy she could hardly lift them, and that she had nearly fainted under their weight. At this the giant grew so angry that he raised his hand to strike her; but she escaped the blow and went to bed, leaving him to count his treasure.

The giant first emptied one bag, which had in it silver pieces; and, after counting them over and over again, he put them carefully back in the bag. He then opened the other bag, and placed the gold coins on the table. Jack got very eager when he saw so much gold; but he was afraid to move lest the giant should find him. The giant put the gold into its bag even more carefully than he had put the silver.

He then fell asleep, and his snoring was like the roaring of the sea.

Jack stole out of his hiding-place, went near the giant, and laid his hand upon one of the bags,

when a little dog started from under the giant's chair and barked furiously. Jack gave himself up for lost: fear so held him to the spot that, instead of running away, he stood quite still, although expecting his big enemy to awake every minute. The giant slept on, however, and the dog got weary of barking.

Jack then looked round, and seeing a large piece of meat, he threw it to the dog, who took it into a closet. Being thus freed from a noisy enemy, he seized the bags and reached the outer door in safety; but the bags were so heavy, that it took him two whole days to get to the bottom of the beanstalk.

When Jack got to his mother's cottage, he found it quite empty. Greatly surprised, he ran into the village, and an old woman directed him to a house where he found his poor mother ill of a fever. He was much disturbed to find her apparently dying, and could hardly bear the thought that he alone had been the cause of her illness.

On hearing of Jack's return, however, his mother by degrees revived, and gradually got well. Jack made her a present of his two valuable bags; the cottage was again well furnished, and he and his mother lived happily and comfortably together.

For three years Jack had not mounted the beanstalk, but still he could not forget it, though he feared making his mother unhappy; and she would never speak about the hated beanstalk lest it should lead him to take another journey. The very sight of it was a grief to her, but she knew not how to get rid of it.

Notwithstanding the comforts which Jack had at home, his mind kept upon the beanstalk, and upon the fairy's warning to him in case of his disobedience. He could not think of anything else; it was in vain he tried to amuse himself: he became thoughtful, and would arise at the dawn of day, and sit and look at the beanstalk for hours together.

His mother found that something preyed upon his mind, and tried to find the cause; but Jack knew too well what the consequence would be if he should tell her the cause of his grief. He did his utmost, therefore, to conquer the great wish he felt for another journey up the beanstalk.

Finding, however, that his wish grew more and more upon him, he began to make secret preparations for his journey; and, on the longest day of the year, he rose as soon as it was light, went up the beanstalk, and reached the top with some trouble.

He found everything the same as in former times.



He came to the giant's house in the evening, and found his wife standing as usual at the door. Jack now seemed so different that she did not have any recollection of him; when he begged to be let in, however, he found it very difficult to persuade her. At last he gained his wish, got into the kitchen, and concealed himself in the copper.

When the giant came back in the evening he said, as usual, very fiercely, "Wife! wife! I smell fresh meat!"

But Jack felt quite composed, as he had so soon been satisfied on the former occasions; but this time the giant started up suddenly, and notwithstanding all his wife could say, he searched round the room. While this was going on, Jack was ready to die with fear, wishing himself at home a thousand times; and when the giant came near the copper, and put his hand upon the lid, Jack thought his death was certain. Luckily the giant ended his search there without moving the lid, and seated himself quietly by the fireplace.

The fright nearly overcame poor Jack; he was afraid of moving, or even of breathing, lest he should be heard.

The giant ate a great supper, and when he had ended, he commanded his wife to fetch down his

